#### FOREIGN GOSSIP.

-Richard Wagner will pass the winter at Salerno and thence go to Greece to complete a musical work on a classical subject.

-Lord Lyons has now represented England at Paris for fourteen years, an unusually long tenure of the blue ribbon of British embassies.

body-guard of police of late. This is as a novelty for an English Prime Minister as for an American President.

-The ladies of Montreal, Canada, have an association of their own for introducing female help from Europe. The Minister of Agriculture is aiding

-President Grevy has established telephonic communication between the Elysee and the Opera Comique and the Theatre Francaise, and intends giving a series of telephonic "at homes" this win-

-The Empress of Austria keeps a pack of sixty hounds at her castle of Godollo. The dogs are under charge of a whipper-in, and have a large sleeping room, a bath room, and a kitchen set apart for their use in the castle build-

-The Empress of Austria, scared by the Land League from hunting with the Meath hounds, is to take up her quar-ters at Burley-on-the-Hill, a beautiful old seat in Rutlandshire which belonged to a former Earl of Winchester, who bequeathed it to his natural son, father of the present owner.

-By far the best marriage, in point of commanding social position, made by any American lady in England in recent years was that of Mrs. Ives, nee Motley, with Sir William Harcourt. Lady Mandeville gained higher rank, but a moon disappear as if snuffed out, when her husband is utterly destitute of any position arising from personal merit of

-Whatever may be the splendor prevalent among private persons in Paris, it is certain that a genuine republican simplicity prevails in the President's family. When his daughter, Mrs. Wilson, and her husband went to their honeymoon, they do not seem to have had and he registered the trunks.

-Those who picture Queen Victoria in their mind's eye as clad in a robe of crimson trimmed with ermine, and a golden crown on her head, will be shocked to learn that she takes her daily drive with a black straw bonnet on her head, and with a large shawl of small check shepherd's plaid upon her shoulders. But then they may reflect that

her good clothes are at home. -- Halloween was celebrated in the old style at Balmoral Castle, and the arrangements for the festival were of the most elaborate character. A huge bonfire was prepared on the lawn in front of the castle, and this was lighted by Princess Beatrice, who was escorted by a procession of two hundred torch-bearers; then a witch was drawn out of the stable vard on a car, followed by masked figures in a variety of grotesque dresses, and, after a drum-head sort of trial, she was consumed in the flames. Queen Victoria remained outside during the sports, and her health and that of the Princess was drank with full Highland honors, after which the National Anthem was sung by the company, who numbered nearly four hundred.

# A Celestial Outlook.

This is a good time to study some of the other worlds that, like our own, receive light and heat from the sun. It has been known for centuries that our world is not the only one in sight. While living in this world we can see, although we cannot reach, a number of others circling in the sky. with powerful telescopes astronomers have been able to discover so many of the features of these other worlds as to kindle the hope that we may yet be able to see the inhabitants of some of them. Before that would be possible, however, we should have to make a telescope thousands of times more powerful than the largest now in existence. Scientific men have, at present, no hope of being able to construct such an instrument. But with the instruments we have, many things can be seen in these distant worlds, but little less interesting than a sight of their inhabitants. Astronomers have found out that the nearest world to our own, the moon, is an airless and waterless desert. If anybody doubts their conclusions, let him visit an observatory and look at the moon magnified a thousand times, or what is about the same thing, brought within an apparent distance of 240 miles. The glaring wilderness presented to his view will convince him that the astronomers know what they are saying.

Then they have found out that some of the other worlds in the solar system are not yet in a condition to be inhabited. They will have to cool down for thousands, perhaps millions of years, before beings like ourselves can dwell upon them, build cities, construct fleets, ride across their broad surfaces in railroad trains, and flash the news of a battle or an election from one hemisphere to the other with telegraph cables. In the sense to which the moon is dead, Jupiter has not yet begun to live.

It is only recently, however, that many persons outside of the observatories have paid much attention to the earth's sister worlds. They were so far away that nobody troubled himself about them. What the school-books said of them was regarded as so many scientific statements to be learned by rote, and not worth thinking about outside the school-room. Even now most persons, when they get their first look at Saturn through a good telescope, ex-

"Why, it's just like the pictures in the books! I never thought there really

was any such thing in the sky." Of late, however, the study of astronomy, at least of observational astronomy, has wonderfully increased. People have found out-what good old Thomas Dick was at such pains to assure them require a very large or a very costly telescope to reveal the wonders of the heavens. So telescopes have become popular, like pianos, and men's thoughts spot on the earth has been explored; autumn.-Wilmington Star.

and now the successors of Galileo have their turn, for the curiosity of men is boundless, and having become pretty familiar with this world, they feel a desire to pry into the secrets of other worlds. People are beginning to look for news from these other worlds as part of their regular mental supply. As the inhabitants of different continents become familiar with one another, and learn to appreciate their relations to each other and to the earth as a whole, the thoughts of men are enlarged. So the study of the other worlds that constitute the great family to which our earth belongs yet more expands the mind. That study is yet in its beginning; what its ultimate results may be nobody can tell. Those who wish to see some of these

worlds for themselves can have no better opportunity than now. All that any one needs for this journey into space is a good three-inch telescope, or even a two-inch will prove far from contemptible. The first world in the sky that will attract attention is Jupiter. This planet is, in the absence of the moon, the most conspicuous phenomenon in the evening heavens. By nine or ten o'clock it is sufficiently high above the haze of the horizon to be a splendid telescopic object. It is only a little way from the cluster of the Pleiades, and from its brightness it can not be mistaken. The things for the amateur observer to look for are the four moons of Jupiter, the great belts that ring his globe in the center, the shadowy bands about his poles, and the huge red spot that has excited so much speculation. If we time our observation right, we may see one of the moons passing between the sun and the planet, and throwing a little round shadow upon the broad surface of Jupiter; or we may see it enters the enormous cone of shadow that the great planet throws into space behind him.

A little way to the right hand of Jupiter the observer will notice a bright star with a pale, steady light. It is Saturn. The wonderful rings of Saturn, of the beauty of which no description can convey an idea, he will see easily, for they are now widely opened. If the a single servant, for she got the tickets air is steady and the glass a good one, he will also see three or four of the eight moons that encircle Saturn. After his eye has become accustomed to the telescope, he will perceive many other interesting things in this wonderful

planetary system. Further to the east and lower down is Mars, recognizable by his bright, ruddy light and his proximity to the two bril-liant stars, Castor and Pollux, or the Twins. A three-inch telescope should show the great snow-fields about the poles of Mars, and the shadowy outlines of some of his continents and oceans. Only the largest telescopes are able to show his two little moons.

After the observer has tired of viewing these objects, if his astronomical appetite is not yet satisfied, he can contemplate the uncounted suns that people space, around which, astronomers say, revolve worlds so remote that they do not make even a gleam in the most gigantic of telescopes. Then he can turn back to the affairs of this world with renewed zest, for he will feel sure that he can never reach those other ones, at least not until his business here is finished .-New York Sun.

# The King of Siam's Elephant.

Some ten weeks age, says the London Telegraph, the King of Siam received a dispatch from one of his Provincial Governors informing his Majesty that a brand-new deity, in the shape of a snowwhite elephant, had been captured in an outlying district of the kingdom, and was actually on its way to Bangkok, the Siamese capital. These joyful tidings were greeted with indescribable enthusiasm at court, and the King at once resolved to start in person, accompanied by his Ministers, grand officers of State, and exalted clergy, upon a processional excursion with the object of meeting the divine pachyderm half way, and of escorting it to Bangkok with all imaginable pomp and ceremony. The cortege, headed by his Majesty, had not proceeded many miles on its road toward the interior when it encountered the object of its pilgrimage. Approaching the elephant with profound reverence and many humble salutations, the King knelt down at its feet and reverently placed its trunk upon his head and shoulder, imploring its protection and favor. Having thus paid public homage to the huge quadruped and received its blessing by the "impositur proboscis," his Majesty drew his sword and took up a position on the elephant's right flank, supported on the animal's left by the High Priest carrying a golden wand. Thus headed, the procession entered Bangkok, where the new god was greet-ed by salvos of artillery nnd a general salute of the royal troops paraded on either side of the route leading to the palace. Having escorted the elephant to its apartments the King formally bestowed upon his sacred guest the rank of "reigning monarch," and decorated it with the Grand Cordon of the Siamese Order bearing its own style and title. The household of the new deity has since been organized upon a truly royal scale. Every article dedicated to the white elephant's use and service is of massive gold or rare porcelain, and popular offerings to the value of many housands of pounds were deposited at its shrine before it had been established forty-eight hours in its splendid quarters, immediately adjacent to the King's own private suit of apartments.

# The Curious Effects of a Salt Storm.

At the Porter's Neck Plantation, on the Sound, the salt spray from the ocean, wafted in showers across the intervening banks and Sound by the great storm, killed every living thing in the fields except the peanuts, which, curious to say, seemed to have benefited by the briny shower-bath. All the leaves on a mock orange hedge, commencing in close proximity to the Sound and runforty or fifty years ago-that it doesn't ning back about one mile, were completely killed, while the leaves on the trees in the neighborhood all died and dropped off, and their places have since been supplied by new ones. Even the old sycamores shed their verdure and outside of the smoke-house and passed be carried in winter to shield the face

#### Rain and Moisture.

Water is necessary to all animal and regetable life. No seed starts without and no plant grows without moisture. The period of vitality of seeds is yet a wide field for scientific experiment, but certainly moisture has much to do with the vitality as well as growth of seeds.

Moisture is applied to plants in these ways—rain, dew, evaporation from the soil, and irrigation. It is conceded that frequent light rains are the most pro-

motive of plant growth. Dew is but restricted rainfall. The moisture ascending from the soil raised by the sunbeams is precipitated at night, when the air is free from solar heat, and precipitated upon plants. Dews are heavier in the valleys than on the hills, because there is more moisture below. As moisture or evaporating water absorbs heat and produces cold, so for the same cause frosts are more common and more severe in the low lands than on the mountain tops. For this reason, peaches and other early-blooming trees and shrubs should be placed upon high

grounds. Evaporation from the soil is the main support of plants. The roots of plants must not only have water, but air also; ever covered with water they perish; hence the necessity of deep plowing and drainage. Again, loose, pulverized soil, by capiliary attraction, holds more water than hard, solid soil; neither do the roots of plants well enter into hard ground. Hence deep plowing and frequent stirring of the soil are the best for plants.

I am now eating early Mexican sweet since it was planted. The ground was finely plowed, and during all the drouth it was cultivated with the hoe, without regard to weeds. Watermelon vines, grass, and all other vegetation, are all dead around, but the corn is green as ever. Dew not only descends from the near air, but is formed by contact with the cooling soil; as the mois-ture ascends from below, it reaches the cold surface, and is condensed on and within the finely pulverized soil. This is all proven by placing boards over early beans; the radiation of the heat is prevented being returned by the board, and frost is prevented when outside of the board the beans are bit-

Irrigation, to be profitable, must be continued during all dry seasons. When flower vases are watered daily they will keep up the plants, but a single watering of outside plants sets up an immediate growth of succulent roots and stems; and if the watering is not continued the plants perish at once. Nature, by the slow process of subterranean evaporation, continually and gradually decreasing, carries the plant in a half-dormant state through the drought. So it is better not to water at

tilation and the escape of surplus water. perature to that of the plants, so much the better, as sudden changes of temperature in plants, as in animals, endanger the vital functions .- Southern Planter and Farmer.

# A Plain and Easy Way of Curing Hams.

The principal thing in curing hams is to get them just salt enough to keep them and not so salt as to injure the flabe the hams of commerce. Trim closely, so there shall be no masses of fat left at the lowest extremity of the hams. The shoulders may be cut in shape con-

ployed the hams are rubbed often with salt and sugar. Between each rubbing they are bunched up on platforms or tables, the surface of which is spread with a layer of salt, and each ham is also covered with salt. When taken up to rub, which is usually done five or six times, a shallow box is at hand in which

to do the work. When brine is used, prepare a pickle strong enough to float an egg and stir into a sufficient amount of sugar and molasses to give it a sweetened taste. Some add a little saltpeter to color the meat, while others claim that it tends to harden the meat. In moderate quantity it is commonly accepted as beneficial. Cover the hams with the pickle and place the packages where the temperature is uniform and above freezing. For hams of twelve pounds, four weeks will be sufficient; large hams must remain in the brine a longer time. In general, three to seven weeks embraces the extremes of time required for domestic curing of hams, varying as to size of the hams, temperature and time when they will be required for use. When it is designed to preserve hams through the summer they must not be

removed from the pickle too soon. Shoulders require much the same treatment as do hams, and both should be carefully smoked. The preservative principle of smoke is known as creosote. Smoke made by burning corn-cobs is highly esteemed, but those engaged in curing meats on a large scale prefer the smoke obtained from dry hickory that has been stripped of its bark. The smoking process must not be too much hurried or the creosote will not have time to penetrate the entire substance of the meat. Ten days smoking is usually sufficient, unless the pieces are very

large and thick. A process in ham-curing practiced by some of the leading packing-houses conest. The successors of Columbus have pushed on until almost every attainable spot on the earth has been explored:

| Subsequently donned a garb more between through underground pipes into it. The from the fury of the northern blasts, or smoke, rising from the floor to the top to protect the eyes from the dazzling of the house, encounters two opposite effect of the refraction of the refra

#### These currents cause the smoke to form into a rapidly revolving horizontal column which passes among the hams. The smoke is not warm, and there is no heat to melt the hams or hot air to blacken

them. The hams under this process are smoked in very much less time than by the old method.

While canvasing hams has nothing to do with their flavor, it is a protection from insects, and will pay the farmer for the extra labor. It should be don: before warm weather. Wrap each ham in coarse brown paper and then sew it up in cotton cloth cut to suit the size, following the shape of the ham. When covered as described, dip them in a wash made of lime-water and colored with yellow ochre. Hang up in a cool place to dry. The wash closes the interstices of the muslin, and the whole forms a perfect protection against insects. The room in which any kind of cured meat is stored should be dry and cool, and the darker the better .- N. Y. World.

## The Nostrum Fallacy.

When a child complains of headache,

lassitude, or want of appetite, the nurse concludes that he must "take something." If the complexion of a young lady grows every day paler and pastier, her mother will insist that she must "get something" to purify her blood. If the baby squeals day and night, a doctor is sent for, and is expected to "prescribe something." What that something should be, the parents would be unable to define, but they have a vague idea that it should come from the drugstore, and that it can not be good for corn that has hardly had a rain upon it much unless it is bitter or nauseous. Traced to its principles their theory would be about this: "Sickness and devravity are the normal condition of our nature; salvation can come only through abnormal agencies; and a remedy, in order to be effective, should be as anti-natural as possible." Perfeetly natural from a Scriptural point of view. But nature will persist in following her own laws. Her physiological laws she announces by means of the instincts which man shares with the humblest of his fellow-creatures, and health is her free gift to all who trust themselves to the guidance of those instincts. Health is not lost by accident, nor can it and what should he see but Santa Claus be repurchased at the drug-store. It is himself! lost by physiological sins, and can be regained only by sinning no more. Disease is Nature's protest against a gross violation of her laws. Suppressing the symptoms of a disease with drugs means to silence that protest instead of removing the cause. We might as well try to extinguish a fire by silencing the fire- "I wish you'd take me with you," bells; the alarm will soon be sounded from another quarter, though the first belis may not ring again till the belfry Santa Claus," added Rosy. from another quarter, though the first breaks down in a general conflagration. For the laws of health, though liberal enough to be apparently plastic, are in all than to water freely and then suddenly cease. reality as inexorable as time and gravitation. We cannot bully Nature, we can-Pot plants should be well drained by not defy her resentment by a fresh holes in the tub at the bottom; over provocation. Drugs may change the these, pieces of broken crockery or form of the disease-i. e., modify the stones should be placed to prevent the terms of the protest-but the law can outflow of soil, but aid the escape of not be baffled by complicating the ofwater. It is better to water pot plants | fense; before the patient can recover he at eve, when the heat is mostly gone; has to expiate a double sin-the medithis prevents scalding by the sun's rays, cine and the original cause of the disand gives them a night of cooling ease. But shall parents look on and see growth. A little sand or fine gravel a sick child ask in vain for help? By mixed with the pot soil also aids venno means. Something is certainly wrong, and has to be righted. The Occasional sprinkling of the leaves with disease itself is a cry for help. But not a pot-rose greatly refreshes the leaves for drugs. Instead of "taking someby clearing off the dust and aiding the thing," something ought to be done, and functions of the leaves. If the water oftener something habitually done ought stands awhile and assimilates its tem- to be omitted. If the baby's stomach has been tormented with ten nursings a day, omit six of them; omit tea and coffee from the young lady's menu; stop the dyspeptic's meat-rations and the youngster's grammar-lessons after dinner. But open the bedroom windows, open the door and let your children take a romp in the garden, or on the street, even a snow-covered street. Let them spend their Sundays with an uncle who has a good orchard; or, send for a barvor and cause them to become hard. rel of apples. Send for the carpenter, Hams should be neatly trimmed and cut and let him turn the nursery or the rounding, to imitate as closely as may wood-shed into a gymnasium. In case you have nothing but your bed-room and kitchen, there will still be room for a grapple-swing; the Boston Hygienic Institute has patented a kind that can venient for packing, and they should be be fastened without visible damage to salted in seperate packages from the the ceiling. If the baby won't stop cry-Hams are cured by both dry-salting it. Yes, and as soon as possible; reand brine. When dry-salting is em- move the straight-jacket apparatus, swaddling-clothes, petticoat, and all, spread a couple of rugs in a comfortable corner, and give the poor little martyr a chance to move his cramped limbs; let him roll, tumble, and kick to his heart's content, and complete his happiness by throwing the paregoric-bottle out of the window.—Dr. Felix L. Osvald, in Popular Science Monthly.

# FASHION NOTES.

-Muffs continue small, but are elaborately adorned. -The "Redingote John" grows in

favor. -Toques of pure white vulture feathers are exquisitely pretty for young girls.

-Some novel imported hats are made entirely of a thick network of crystals and beads, which in the evening glitter like a thousand colored gems.

-Medium-sized fans are carried instead of the immensely large ones so lately popular. Beautiful evening fans are made of rose-tinted ostrich feathers, with mother-of-pearl handles. Portia fans are also shown, made of delicate mauve-tinted feathers, with sticks of chased silver.

-A caprice of the season is the combination of black and white, both in elegant evening dress, walking costumes, and, lastly, in evening bonnets and hats. Opera hats are shown by leading importers made of white velvet or plush trimmed with black ostrich tips, and those of black velvet adorned with white feathers and birds.

-Winter sunshades of velvet, plush, or Turkish satin, heavily trimmed with deep chenille fringe or ruflles of colored lace, headed by a narrow fur band of beaded appliques, are to be carried this winter on sunny days. This is something of an innovation; but there is cersists in creating the smoke in an oven tainly no reason why a parasol may not

## Our Young Folks.

KITTIE TO KRISS.

Jolly old Kriss, what a feilow you are, Riding all over the world in the air, Sliding down chimneys through ashes smoke, Fur-covered Kriss, you're a regular joke.

How do you manage to earry such loads? How do you manage to keep the right roads? How do you know all the good girls and boys? Why don't we wake with your clatter and

How can you guess what we all would like How can you please all the birds in the nest? What are you doing the rest of the year? Sleeping, I s'pose, with your little reindeer.

O, how I'd like to know true if you look Jolly and fat, like the one in the book. I'd keep awake, but I know that you stay, When children are watching, quite out of the

Kriss, when to-night you come round with Don't forget Bessie, the washwoman's girl; Bring something pretty, for last year, you That was a chimney where Kriss didn't go.

How does it happen you like the rich best, Giving them much and forgetting the rest? Kriss, that's all wrong, and it isn't the way; All should be equal on Santa Claus' day. Kriss, good, old Kriss, I'm afraid you'll

mad.

I was just joking. Don't put me down bad.

If Bessle's ma's chimney is crooked and small

Never mind going to Bessle at all:

Bring up her playthings and put them w Wrapped with a separate paper and twine; Soon as it's day, poor sick Bessie l'Il see. And give her the package you leave here with

-Chicago Tribune.

## VISIT TO SANTA CLAUS' SHOP.

It was nearly nine o'clock when Tommy and Rosy went to bed on Christmas Eve. Their stockings had been hung up, and they wished very much for the next morning to come. Sallie Ann was Rosy's dolly, and she wore stockings. One of them had to be hung up with the others.

In ten minutes Tommy and Rosy and the dolly were all fast asleep. In the middle of the night Tommy woke, and found Rosy sitting up in bed. She was looking at something. Tommy wanted to know what it was. He turned over,

The dear old man was buttoned up to his chin in a coat of white fur. He was

busy filling the stockings. "There!" said Santa Claus, "I've forgotten Rosy's doll, and I shall have to go all the way back and get some-

said Tommy, boldly. "Halloo!" shouted Santa Claus, "you

awake, youngsters?"
"Yes, sir," answered Tommy, "and we want you to take us to ride in your

"Well, well, well!" laughed the old time to lose." Out of bed jumped the two children.

'I'll put one of you into each of my big pockets, and you'll be warm enough. Out on the roof they went. There

stood the sleigh, drawn by eight tiny reindeer. Santa Claus got into the sleigh, and drew the fur robes over him; Tommy and Rosy peeping out of his pockets felt very nice and warm.

"Come Dasher! on, Dancer! hie, Comet!" said Santa Claus to his team.

Away we go!" And away they did go, right in the air and through the falling snow-flakes. Over the houses and trees, over the towns and cities, faster, faster, faster, they went, till they came to Santa

Claus' country. Here everything was of snow-trees. streets, houses, all made of snow. It was as light as day, for high in the pink sky hung a great bright silver moon.
"Is that your house, Mister Santa

Claus?" asked little Rosy, as they passed a beautiful castle all built of ice. "O, po, my dear!" said Santa Claus. "My house is made every bit of rock candy. Here we are now. Hie, Prancer and Cupid! stand still!"

Santa Claus jumped out of the sleigh with Tommy and Rosy still in his pockets. Sure enough, there stood Santa Claus' house, all made of white, yellow and red rock candy, and lighted up from top to bottom with Christmas ta-

"I'll take you right into my workshop," said Santa Claus, bouncing into a big room where hundreds of little men were at work. They were tying up toys, books and candies into thousands of parcels. These were to go at twelve o'clock by Santa Claus' express to all parts of the world.

At the sight of so many lovely things Tommy and Rosy both jumped out of Santa Claus' pockets. "Oh!" screamed the workers,

where did ca ear h-children come from?" "I brought them in my pockets," said Santa Claus. "I forgot this little girl's doll. Hurry and find a gift for it,

my men, for I must away again.' The tallest of the little men went to find the gift. Others gathered about Rosy, who was too frightened to speak. "Isn't she lovely?" said one, touch-

ing her long curls. "Yes. indeed," added another; "she is prettier than the prettiest wax-doll we ever made."

"She must be cold; let's give her one of our little seal-skin coats," said a third, helping Rosy into a warm fur

"Let's put candy in the pockets," said a fourth, stuffing the pockets with sugar-plums.

"Let's give her a cap to match the coat," said a fitth, putting a cunning

cap over her yellow curls. "Let's all kiss her," said a sixth.

But at this Santa Claus popped Rosy
back into his pocket. "No, no," said

he, "you might change her into an elf like yourselves." Tommy who was never frightened at anything, had mounted a bicycle, and was flying up and down the hall. The little men, torgetting their work, ran up and down after him, playing on

trumpets, horns, fifes and drums. "Bless my heart!" cried Santa Claus, "I never heard such a din in my life. Come, you youngster, the doll's gift is found, and I'm going to take you right back to bed."

"No, you don't," shouted Tommy, 'not unless you let me ride this bi

"You can't," said Rosy. "I can," added Tommy, "I know I can!"
"I'll go with you," said one of the little men; "I can ride in the air like Santa Claus."

The little man got on Tommy's back, and away they went! Rosy and Santa Claus were in the sleigh, Tommy and the little man on the bicycle. On, on, on! faster, faster, faster! Tommy shouted in glee. Suddenly the wicked little man bit Tommy's ear. He screamed, and knocked the elf off his back. The little man jumped on one

back. The little man jumped on one of the reindeer. Tommy was no longer able to ride on the snow-flakes, and began to fall-down, down, down! O, how frightened he was! Down, down, down! The bicycle turned over two or three times, and down he went, head first, into- bed.

Yes, when Tommy opened his eyes he found himself in bed. He only dreamed this story. Rosy was asleep beside him. The stockings were twice as big as when hung up. Right in the middle of the room stood

a splendid new bicycle. The early sunshine was through the nursery window. It was Christmas morning .- Our Little Ones.

### How Hal Was Singed.

More than thirty years ago there were two little brothers named Joe and Hal. There was a large shed-chamber full of all manner of old rubbish, where they used to play, and they found there one day a couple of rusty old flint-lock muskets.

Who ever saw a boy that could let a gun alone? They played with those guns by the hour together, and, because they had nothing else to load them with, they broke corn-cobs into small pieces, and filled the guns completely full, ramming them in as tight as they could with the rusty old ram-rods.

One day, when their father was gone to mill, Hal climbed up to an upper shelf in the shed, looking for fish-hooks, and he found there his father's can of blasting-powder, put up there to be out of the boys' reach. Hal knew what it was very well, for he had seen his father use it to blast rocks.

"Hurrah, Joe!" he called, "I've found some thing now!" and when he climbed down one dirty hand was full of the powder. Up into the chamber they rushed, and made for the guns. "Now we can fire 'em off!' chuckled

Hal, and he filled the powder-pan on one of them full, poking in as much as he could through the little hole in the barrel, but the powder was so coarse he could not get in much, and it was very lucky for him and Joe both that he could not. Then he snapped and snapped the lock to make the gun go off, but there was no flint in the lock, and it would not go at all.

"I know how to fix it," he said, so he stole slyly down into the kitchen man. "Santa Claus can't refuse the and got a match, his mother, busy at children anything; make haste, I've no work in the pantry, never seeing him. Up into the chamber again, where he stood the gun against the wall, then Don't wait to dress," said Santa Claus. lighted the match, and stooped down to

touch it to the powder. Well, the gun didn't go off, nor burst; there was not powder enough inside for that, so the two little boys were not killed; but the powder flashed in the pan, fizz! puff! right into Hal's face, singeing his cyebrows and cyclashes

That ended the gunning, and Hal crept down stairs, crying, to his mother. When his father came home and saw the red streak across Hal's face, still smarting from the burn, he said he guessed Hal was punished enough for stealing the powder .- Youth's Compan-

# She Would Earn Her Living.

The story is told in good company, with the assurance of its truthfulness that a carefully nurtured and educated miss, of one of Boston's best families on Commonwealth avenue, disagreeing with her mother about a small article of dress, recently, resolved to earn her own living, and at once put her resolve into practice. Donning the plain garb of a domestic, she stole forth from the parental roof to the house of an advertiser for help. The place being already filled, she was so informed; but a hap-pening caller being in want of a cook, the fugitive accepted an offer, and ac-companied the lady home to Dartmouth street, descending to the basement for immediate duty. It was late in the evening, and tea was served to suit, with the aid of the "second girl," who knew the ways of the house. What was the latter's surprise when the dishes were washed to find that the new cook did not use soap to cleanse them, as she expressed it. "Soap! why, you don't use it on plates and cups that you eat and drink from!" ejaculated the cook, and the matter ended. Retiring, together, the two girls were

naturally, or unnaturally, quite familiar, but nothing occurred worthy of remark until the fresh cook doffed her outward habiliments of servitude, revealing to her astonished companion an array of elegant underwear little dreamed of as belonging to a hired girl. But the young woman kept her counsel; the morning dawned, and breakfast was got and served pretty much as the last evening's tea was. The dishes were washed without soap, as before, and when the lieutenant suggested that Mrs. — expected the hearth to be washed after every service of the range. the new-comer uncomplainingly stooped to and did the repulsive work. But there was a dinner to be prepared, and the preliminaries had begun under the mistress' directions, as was to be expected with a new and untried servant. The difficult details had not progressed far, however, when the "cook" denly exclaimed that she had her trunk to get at the Providence Depot, and was excused to obtain it. It is needless to say that the delicate girl did not return, the responsibilities of an elab-orate dinner upon her shoulders having frightened her away, and the cooking was finished without her. Later in the day a carriage drove to the door, and a distressed lady alighted. It was the "cook's" mother. The lamb had returned home, and the strange occurrence was tearfully explained.—Boston Gazette.

-Marvin, the bigamist and forger, has been appointed to a clerkship in the shoe department of Richmond Pen-